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[LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.]

HENRY LIVERSEEGE.

THREE years or so after the birth of Frank Stone in our city came that of another artist whom Lancashire may well be proud to have produced. Henry Liverseege was born at Manchester in 1803, and like Frank Stone he was, though more humbly, connected on the father's side with cotton spinning. But to him was not granted the length of days enjoyed by his senior, and he died just when his powers were beginning to be fairly developed and conspicuously recognized. With his very birth indeed he seemed destined to be short-lived. From his cradle he was sickly and deformed, and an organic disease in the chest rendered him early a victim to asthma. Perhaps it was on this account that, as he grew in years, a marked dislike for him was evinced by his father, who filled a subordinate situation in a cotton factory. The elder Liverseege was, probably, a coarse-minded and ill-conditioned man who saw in the weakly boy a burden and nothing more. He little thought that he himself would be remembered, and remembered only, for his cruelty to a child who should have been cherished all the more warmly that nature had dealt with him so unkindly. In after years Liverseege never spoke of his father without emotion, and it was emotion in which gratitude neither found nor deserved to find a place.

Fortunately for the poor, neglected, and ill-treated little boy, a kind uncle and aunt did for him what his father ought to have done. The good souls educated him, gave him a home, and, on finding that he was unfitted for business, allowed and encouraged him to draw and paint, so soon as it became clear that he was an artist born. The first glimpse we have of Liverseege is afforded by one of his early friends, who remembered him "occupying a room in the mill of his uncle, in Canal Street," reading Shakespere with the keenest enjoyment, and throwing off, for amusement, sketches to illustrate his favourite poet, and painting, for profit, miniatures on ivory. When young he was fond, passionately fond, it seems, of private theatricals, a taste which harmonized well enough with the essentially dramatic character of his genius in art. He did not disdain sign-painting under special circumstances; and when the late Mrs. Fletcher (better known as Maria Jane Jewsbury) wrote a memoir of him after his death, in 1832, she recorded that two of his signboards, "a Saracen's Head and an Ostrich, yet hang up at two obscure public-houses in Manchester. The Ostrich," she added, "is bad, the Saracen's Head is well done; and he always spoke of them with interest." This sign-painting, however, was occasional, not customary; and the Saracen's Head, it appears on other authority, brought Liverseege ten guineas—a very fair price for a tavern sign. In truth, Liverseege's portraits soon became famous in his native town; and had he chosen to devote himself to that branch of art, he need never have been without profitable employment. But the spirit of the true painter was strong within the deformed and sickly young man. Though affectionate and even genial to his friends, he had a somewhat peevish and irritable temper, the result, no doubt, of his physical defects and complaints, and aggravated, very probably, by the ill-treatment of his father. It can easily be imagined that he grew wearied of the complaisances required from the portrait-painter and of the whims and exacting caprices of sitters. Untaught though he was, he was impelled irresistibly upward into higher regions. His first contribution to the Manchester Exhibition seems to have consisted of three small pictures of bandits, in 1827. They did not easily find purchasers, and the price given was not a large one. By and by, however, a picture which he painted of Adam Woodcock, from Sir Walter's *Abbot*, was praised and purchased by the Earl of Wilton, and then (as is the fashion of this world), a nobleman having led the way, others began to wonder and admire. His first picture in the Royal Academy Exhibition was also from a work of Sir Walter's, *The Black Dwarf*. The painting was small, but graphic and vivid; the scene chosen is that when the Recluse unsheathes his dagger on being told by the heroine of her marriage on the morrow, while Isabella starts in alarm at the act. It is characteristic of Liverseege's thoroughness as a painter, that not being able to find a living model for the Black Dwarf, he made one of clay. Unpleasing as was the subject of *Isabella and the Recluse*, the talent displayed in the picture was undeniable. Lord Wilton's verdict was confirmed by connoisseurs, and, at five and twenty or thereabouts, Liverseege found himself "a rising young man."

To London of course he went in or about 1828, but not to settle—merely to draw and study for two or three months in each spring and summer. The kindly and generous Sir Thomas Lawrence welcomed him and gave him a letter which, but for some informality in the presentation, would have admitted him a probationer of the Royal Academy. He drew, however, at the British Museum, and copied at the British Institution. In his copying the great masters his rapid dexterity was wonderful; and of a particular reproduction of Rubens he said to a friend, with an emphasis which was justified by the merit of his workmanship: "Sir, they could not tell one from the other,"—the copy from the original. During one of his visits to London, he lodged, with Lancashire shrewdness, at a famous printseller's in the Strand: a choice of residence which gave him great opportunities for copying prints and drawings. After each visit to London, he returned to Manchester and to the warm home which was always ready for him under the roof of his uncle and aunt. There he planned, sketched, and worked. His tendencies and his ambition may be gathered from a remark which he made to a friend when standing before Wilkie's *Village Festival*, in the National Gallery. Liverseege expressed his ardent desire that some patron of art would give him a commission to execute a work of the same character as that admirable picture. He would be content with a bare subsistence, he said, while he worked on it, and then he would never paint more. For landscape he had no turn. To him, human life, in its infinite variety, was all in all. In treating the main subject and the accessories, he laboured to attain the most scrupulous fidelity "He never worked upon any design without having the objects before him in the exact order in which he wished to represent them." The model which, when he could find none in real life, he made of the Black Dwarf has been already mentioned. Another example of his realism is furnished by the amusing story which one of his biographers has told. He was to paint Christopher Sly and the Hostess, from the *Taming of the Shrew* of his darling Shakespere, a large one-volume edition of whom he had always on his table, calling it his work-day bible. Liverseege looked about him long before he could light upon anyone fit to sit for the drunken Christopher. At last he found a cobbler whom he fancied would suit; and having seated him in his studio, placed a bottle of strong gin before him, saying: "Drink whenever you please." "The liquor vanished in a short time; the spirit of the cobbler refused to stir; he sat as sober as a judge on the circuit. Another bottle of gin was brought: it went the same way in course of time, and the son of Crispin sat steady as ever." "Begone," cried the painter in a passion, "it will cost me more money to make you drunk than the picture will fetch."

In 1830 Liverseege contributed to the Society of British Artists and to the British institution three pictures, which, if not the best that ever came from his easel, are amongst the most characteristic of his works. They were *The Enquiry*, *Cobbetts' Register*, and *The Recruit*. Allan Cunningham's criticism on all three has the merit (for our purposes) of brevity; to *The Enquiry*, however, he scarcely does sufficient justice. It represents, he says, "a simple country lad with a present of game in his hand, inquiring his way of a pompous and supercilious porter, standing at the door of his master's house. There seems nothing more aimed at than a delineation of a real scene; the swollen turkey-cock air of the one, and the timid awe-struck simplicity of the other, are happily hit off. Of a similar character in point of literal delineation from life is *The Cobbler reading Cobbett's Register*. You see at once that the son of Crispin is spelling his way, though he is putting on a look of wondering sagacity. It is a happy little picture, *The Recruit* is another of those natural and striking things. This is a wonderful performance. Within that range of subjects nothing has been produced which surpasses it. The expressive attitude and general air of the perplexed recruit; the

free and devil-may-care bearing of the soldier, are admirably and truly depicted, and no less so the anxious attitude and imploring look of the female. He has introduced an incident which adds considerably to the interest of the work: in the back ground is represented an old woman watching beside an old, infirm soldier, whose shattered body and wooden leg tell the story of his life. The painting is clear and light, and the handling beautifully free. These three pictures are all the offspring of the painter's own observation or fancy, and bear upon them the marks of a mind which studied the workings of the human heart." Thus far "honest" Allen, always reliable, always appreciative. All three pictures were in the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition of 1857.

They were exhibited in London, as already said, in 1830. 1831 was the last year of Liverseege's life, and it was that in which some of the best of his works were produced or made known. In this year he sent to the Royal Academy *Sir Piercy Shafton and Mysie Happer*, from Sir Walter's *Monastery*, and *Hamlet and his Mother in the Closet* from Shakespere; to the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists. *The Grave-diggers* from *Hamlet*, *Catherine Seyton* from the *Abbot*, and a work of fancy, *The Benedicite or Holy Daughter;* while in the August of the same year, of new pictures alone, he contributed to the exhibition of his native city *Don Quixote in his Study* and *The Fisherman*. The excellence of almost all of these pictures is considerable, and the very titles of them show that Liverseege's range was widening. *The Grave-diggers* and *The Fisherman* belong to the same class as the *Register* and the *Recruit*, but he rises into a far higher sphere of delineation in the *Hamlet*, which has "all the feeling and poetry of Fuseli without his extravagance," and in the *Don Quixote*, thought to be the best picture he ever painted, with dignity and magnanimity thrown into the wasted and care-worn visage, in which the imagination of most painters seems capable of seeing only the lanthorn-jaws. The rising man of 1828 had fairly risen in 1830. For the *Recruit* Liverseege received a hundred and thirty guineas; his fame was established in art circles, and the Duke of Devonshire was becoming his patron. His stay in London was protracted longer than usual into the summer of 1831, because this nobleman wished to see him. The irritable Liverseege was growing angry at the delays interposed to the interview, but it came at last, and he had every reason to be satisfied with it. The Duke told him (his grace had bought the *Mysie Happer* for fifty guineas) that when he had anything to dispose of he would always find a purchaser at Devonshire House, and great was Liverseege's delight, the delight of a true artist, to think that works of his might be hung among those of the old masters which he then and there inspected in the company of their owner. A proud and happy man, he returned to Manchester from the last visit which he was to pay to London.

To his friends, who used to console him with the saying, "a ricketty hinge holds longest together," and even to himself, his health seemed to have improved and his strength to have increased in the sunshine of prosperity and recognition. Formerly, when he visited any of his artist-intimates (David Roberts was one of them), who lived up two pair of stairs, he had been carried to his destination: latterly, he could walk some distance without fatigue. But these were deceitful appearances, delusive preludes to the fast approaching doom. After his return to Manchester in 1831, he seemed gloomier and more irritable than usual. He still resided with his uncle and aunt, to whom he was always grateful and attached, and their care of his health was aided by his own. Yet a presentiment of what was coming flitted before him. He spoke of death, and spoke of it from the point of view of an artist who lived only for his art. "I care not," he used to say, "for what is called dying, for I have no enjoyment in life save what is derived from success in my pursuit; yet I should not like to die until I had done some great work to immortalize my nam —to be remembered after death is indeed a great consolation." With the approach of winter, he was sketching and painting as earnestly as ever, with Shakespere, Scott, and Cervantes beside him, when a lethargic feeling came over him, and his legs began to swell. The day before his death, he had arranged for the purchase of a pony; in the evening he sate before the fire, heavy and dozing. Rousing himself, he asked the day of the month, and then said to the ever kind relative who was with him: "Aunt, if anything should happen to me, take care of all my pencil sketches; they will be valuable." Next morning, as he did not seem astir, his aunt went up into his room, and found him quietly sleeping. A considerable time elapsed; she returned, and saw him motionless, with face strangely altered. The doctor was sent for, and he immediately administered restoratives. Liverseege just opened his eyes, turned round, threw his arms across his chest, and died, without the least apparent pain or struggle. "In the moment of expiring," it is added, "his countenance was overspread with a dignity and nobleness of expression which astonished every one present." At the *post-mortem* examination it was discovered that his left lung, having never been exercised, had become a piece of solid muscle; the right one had distended until at last it burst. Liverseege died on the 13th of January, 1832, at the early age of twenty-nine. On the 19th, the graveyard of St. Luke's, Chorlton-on-Medlock, received the remains of one who, if longer life had been granted him, might have been ranked among the masters of the British school of painting.

In person, Liverseege was rather above than below the middle height. He was thin and pale, and his left shoulder showed the deformity which was born with him. His irritability and peevishness were the result of disease and malformation, and were seldom visited on his friends, though even with them he was rather exacting, and complained bitterly if they were any length of time without coming to see him. His innate disposition was generous and friendly; his manner and appearance those of a gentleman. In society he was excellent company, lively and sprightly; and his greatest delight was to play the host to a merry set of brother-artists, and to enjoy their enjoyment. His region of art was not the highest, but it was not very far beneath even that. If, with his ardent love of improvement, and purely artistic ambition, he had been granted the ordinary span of human life, it is probably few names in the annals of modern English art would have been better known than that of Henry Liverseege.

THE ENGLISH OF THE SCHOOL BOARD.

WHO is responsible for the extraordinary composition with which the Manchester School Board have thought fit to decorate all the hoardings in and about Manchester? If this placard is a type of the mode in which they intend to do business, their talk will be very loud indeed. The placard says that the Board have made bye-laws to the following effect:—

"*a.* Requiring every child between five and thirteen years old to attend a public elementary school." That's all very well for the first letter of the alphabet in a placard, though in the bye-law it's called No. 1; but the next item in the bill is—"*b.* Resolving to pay the school fees of children whose parents are destitute." What on earth do the Board mean by a bye-law "resolving" anything. It might be quite competent for a board to "resolve" anything they had a mind about, or to pass a resolution on this subject or the other, but it would be quite impossible to find a bye-law "resolving" anything either *nem. con.*, or with "the utmost unanimity." Besides, it isn't *b.* at all in the bye-laws. "We are seven," say those laws, and it is the mystical seventh of them which says "the School Board shall" pay the fees without any more "resolving" about it.

Under the sub-division C., "appointing officers to report all children found loitering," and so on, as the walls inform us, we don't find in the bye-laws any appointment whatever of any officer. So with all respect to "C.," we "don't see it." "D. was a"——person to whom it is perhaps not necessary to, as the English master of the School Board would perhaps say "allude," since, notwithstanding whatever the placards may say, these bye-laws contain no mention whatever of Industrial Schools, much less of the possible committal of any person to them or to their tender mercies.

After all these misrepresentations of the bye-laws, comes, as if it were in any natural sequence whatever "Now, therefore." We don't remember anything equal to it since the county magistrate's "instead of which." "Here you are, a young man blest with health and strength, instead of which, you go stealing geese on a common!" But worse remains behind. "The School Board, anxious to generalize the blessings of education in the shortest possible period." What, in the name of goodness and of the well of English undefiled, is the meaning of this? Is it English according to Mr. Ruspini, or is it a specimen of the American language imported by Dr. John Watts, along with such

words as to "excurt" and to "burgle?" Is it an example of dialectical regeneration or phonetic decay? We are certain Miss Becker had no hand in it. She *can* write English. The author of the poster had perhaps that fine sounding word "generalize" singing in his ears, and incontinently popped it down, in the idea that it meant "to make general," and utterly unconscious that its real meaning was something very different—the converse indeed, if the Board know how to state the converse of a proposition.

The Board, moreover, so the bill runs, wish to generalize these blessings with the least possible inconvenience to poor parents; but we must stop somewhere, and as we are already over shoe-tops in this quagmire of no-meaning, we will wade no further. It may not, perhaps, be found absolutely requisite that the man who drives fat oxen should himself be fat, but, we think, there is something to be said in favour of the utterances of a school-board being in "the English language with propriety."

THE SECOND PROMENADE CONCERT.

THE Free Trade Hall was again crowded on Saturday evening last on the occasion of Mr. De Jong's second concert; indeed, we believe there were many more people present than on the first night. The orchestra was strengthened by the addition of the band of the 8th King's Own Regiment, for the performances of selections from *Faust* and *Le Prophète*, and of a galop. Some bass and tenor brass instruments, from the military band, were also added to the orchestra during the whole evening. This addition was decidedly needed and a marked improvement, but some additional first and second violins were still requisite to properly balance the band, and make it equally effective in soft or loud music. But *place aux dames*— the vocalist of the evening was Madlle. Pattie Laverne, who appeared in Manchester for the first time. Her voice is a pure soprano of limited register and of limited flexibility, which, as she is young, may both be extended by judicious training. Declamatory or bravura singing are therefore not so much within her range as ballads, which she sings with great taste and effect, and with a pleasant archness of manner. *O luce*, from *Linda di Chamounix*; *I'm but a simple peasant*, from the *Rose of Castille*; Ganz's *Sing, Birdie, Sing*, which was encored; and Horn's *Cherry Ripe*, made a list for her which increased in interest as her best points came out towards the last. She sang Horn's glorious ballad in that tender unadorned style which bring out its beauties to most advantage, and made it unquestionably the gem of the evening—which, we suppose, is a sufficient reason why the Goths did not encore it.

Mr. De Jong's flute solo on Irish and Scotch airs was, of course, admirably played, and it was cheered to the echo. During its performance it was pleasant to notice the absorbed interest and evident enjoyment exhibited by many men of the military band. We feel compelled again to allude to Mr. De Jong's conduct of the orchestra. The repetition o Strauss's *On the beautiful blue Danube* waltz affords an opportunity of contrast with the former performance, and we are glad to acknowledge the improvement in time-keeping. The waltz was, therefore, heard to much better advantage, although there still remained two or three halting passages, which, as they were carefully led up to and imposed by Mr. De Jong's baton, were clearly not errors, but deliberate commissions of what we can only call bad taste. On the other hand, nothing could be finer in its way than Gungl's *Die Prager*, a waltz exquisite in delicacy and fancy, full of fine instrumentation, and played almost perfectly, because conducted well. *The Soldiers' Chorus*, from *Faust*, was injured by being taken much too slowly. The military clarionets did make one gallant dash to bring the conductor's baton up to the proper speed, but, like many another forlorn hope, it was unsuccessful, and they were compelled to retire from the contest beaten. Similarly, and in a much greater degree, was the gipsies' *Anvil Chorus*, from *Trovatore*, spoilt. This chorus was hardly played half as fast as it ought to be: its nervous power and vigour, and its dashing finish, were taken out of it, and it fell on the ear limp and weak. It is as much the duty of the critic to call attention to errors committed as to give hearty praise when it is earned, and we have returned to this matter in a great measure in the interests of Mr. De Jong himself. The destruction of the beauties of music, whether by the carelessness or the wilfulness of a conductor, are not to be tolerated at all, whatever claims that conductor may in other respects have on us. It is freely admitted on all competent hands that solo playing, which necessarily contains much *ad libitum* time-keeping, injures the soloist's faculty of time to a greater or less extent. This may be so in the case under consideration, but certainly not wholly and solely so. Mr. De Jong wants experience in conducting, which, like many other things, is not so easy as it looks. It requires extensive acquaintance with music, judgment as to the proper speed to be taken, and a notion of time so accurate as to be able at all times to beat that time as accurately as a metronome. Nothing but strong natural powers and great experience can produce this result. As Mr. De Jong intends to resume the baton next season, it is to be hoped he will consider these and kindred points.

It would not be right to close this notice without a reference to the performance, by the combined band, of the *Coronation March* from *Le Prophète*, which was on the whole well played. The concert passed off exceedingly well, and the selection of music given was pleasing. Mr. de Jong announces his next season to commence early in September next, to continue over twenty-five Saturday evenings. We can only express our satisfaction with this announcement, and our conviction that these concerts will in no way injure or interfere with Mr. Hallé's. Close observance of the audiences they have hitherto drawn convinces us that they attract, in a vast majority of cases, those who don't or can't come on Thursday evenings. It would be a great attraction next season if Mr. de Jong could make arrangements for regular or at least occasional performances on the organ, both solo and in conjunction with the orchestra. It would have been especially effective, for instance, last week in the *Coronation March*.

MANCHESTER SOCIETIES.

3.—THE CLERGY AND CLERICAL.

MANCHESTER possesses two Clerical Societies and a half—the Clergy, the Clerical, and the Ruri-decanal—the professed object of the two former being the cultivation of reciprocal interest by their members in each other's labours and mutual support. They are, in short, trades unions minus the sick and burial branches, and though twice a year these two societies combine, they are nevertheless rivals. The Ruri-decanal Society, or Chapter, as it is sometimes called, is composed partly of clergymen and partly of laymen, but the clerical element largely predominates, and even the lay element has been purposely so elected as to still further minimize the lay representation. The treasurer of the Clergy Society is the Ven. Archdeacon Anson, and its secretary, the Rev. J. J. Twist. Of the Clerical Society, the Rev. A. B. Clarke is treasurer, and the Rev. T. H. Guest, one of the assistant masters at the Grammar School, is secretary. Refreshment after labour is provided, and the Mitre affords accommodation for one society, while the other delights to do what the leopard cannot do—change its spots.

A peculiarity common to both the pure clergy societies is that they are essentially parochial as opposed to capitular in their composition. Here in Manchester there is little love between the Cathedral clergy and the parochial clergy. The one snubs and the other envies. Though, as a rule, the clergy are ultra-Tory in their political creed, the constitution of their societies is peculiarly democratic. All become, or can become, office-bearers in turn. In both societies the subjects of the papers and discussions are pretty much the same, and are always directly or indirectly connected with their "sacred calling." As the said "sacred calling" relates to almost every subject under, in, or above heaven, a pretty wide field is open for subjects of discussion. At one time some pundit makes a difficult text easy; at another a brother makes an easy text difficult. Now and then, in the Clergy Society, a slightly ritualistically-inclined parson brings a storm about his ears by his opinions on points or matters of ceremony. In the Clerical Society such a thing hardly ever occurs. Ritualism and ceremonies and High doctrines of all sorts—except purely personal and ministerial *versus* priestly—are only spoken of to be condemned; and since the Society is carefully composed of men of one school, the refutation of all antagonistic opinions is very complete and effectual. Very free discussion of Calvinism is permitted. The Fathers, especially Saint Augustine, are also occasionally dipped into, but they stand pretty much in the same catalogue as the Talmud

and Rabbinical writers. Where they are for the disputants their authority is unbounded; where they are against them they are of no authority whatever. The Clerical Society is, indeed, rather a society propagating, protecting, and encouraging Low Church or Evangelical doctrines and practice. Under the late bishop's reign this was only what might naturally have been expected. Mr. Bardsley was without doubt the real bishop of Manchester, and he deserved his position. Theologically uneducated, he thoroughly mastered one narrow school, and, possessed of great natural force of character, easily placed himself at the head of his brethren, and, as far as the Clerical Society is concerned, most certainly, while very much given to backbiting, the boldest member hardly dare tackle their head during session.

The Clergy Society is rather more coltish than its sister society, and it has decidedly less respect for dignitaries. The High Church school is more and more making it its local home. In the Clergy Society, what may be termed Her Majesty's opposition is a large minority, only individually parsons generally lack boldness, and unless well led are apt to betake themselves to caves. The Clergy Society has within it a body of men who are bent on doing violence to the idle ease and full purses of the Cathedral Chapter. The Clerical Society is most exercised in mind about the Bishop and his growing influence. Dr. Fraser is so unlike Dr. Prince Lee—his whole nature is so different to the tone of our diocesan clergy that it is no wonder if neither can well make the other out. The Bishop feels as a priest and as a churchman; the old-stock clergy look upon themselves as ministers and establishmentarians. The Bishop's mind is a cultivated, broad, and scholarly one; their minds are feeble, narrow, and at the most have sounded Grotius *de Veritate* and Calvin's *Institutes*. The Bishop reads the Prayer Book as a whole; his clergy are vexed at any allusion being made to what they term "a little of the old leaven of popery" which admittedly pervades it.

The Ruri-decanal Chapter, which we have credited as a half society on the clerical side, ought, more properly speaking, to count as at least three-quarters. Each church sends two lay representatives, but one of them is chosen as the rector's representative, and the other the retiring churchwardens claim to nominate. The congregation, only as a favour and that very rarely conferred, can elect their own representative. The papers and debates are more free here than at either of the other societies, and properly elected and properly trusted it might be a powerful engine of Church defence. As it is the clergy are too jealous of their people, and the people are too indifferent to compel their spiritual pastors and masters to perform the work for which they are paid. The clergy forget that they—like corporations and their officials—are the servants of the people, and on their appointment they solemnly promise to perform certain work and to keep certain office hours. After appointment the social advantages conferred by their office are the main objects the people's clerks seem to trouble themselves about.

All these societies affect—though their rules do not enforce or even contemplate—secresy. This is both narrow and unwise. The societies which flourish most in Manchester, and of which Manchester is most proud, are those which court publicity. So great is the clerical dislike to publicity, however, that some comments on Clerical Reciprocity, read at a meeting of the Clergy Society by the Rev. C. T. Watson, rector of the Church of the Ascension, Lower Broughton, and afterwards printed in the local Church magazine have actually almost turned the society upside down. We commented on the paper because it was sent to us by one of the churchwardens with a request to do so. We liked its manliness, and we felt the thorough truth of the home-thrusts, especially at the Cathedral clergy, and at the want of courtesy existing in private life amongst the clergy generally. Mr. Watson, personally, is unknown to us, and it was without his knowledge that our notice appeared. It is a common thing for the reader of a paper at any society to publish it afterwards, and when once published, especially in the pages of a public magazine, the right of review is open to all. But the members of the Clergy Society, and indeed most parsons and ministers, think they are not as other men, and to be subjected to criticism by the laity is a thing they cannot understand or endure. It is an immunity to which they have no legitimate claim whatever, and they are living in a fool's paradise if they think it will be conceded.

If these clerical societies are to be the means of doing any permanent good they must cease to be sectarian and become representative. The good and the polish obtained by the rubbing together and the mixing in friendly intercourse with others of different schools of thought is incalculable. Mixing with one set only merely confirms existing prejudices and promotes envy of the influential in your own circumscribed sphere. Again, the clergy should be wise in their generation, and by healthy self-reform anticipate and so ward off legislative interference. The laity are gradually becoming more learned in matters relating to Church history, and they will again demand a voice in the Church's councils. At this moment it would be quite canonical to elect a layman to a bishopric, and, such being the case, surely laymen would not be very much out of place even in Convocation. Laymen will never usurp spiritual functions, but they have a right to assist in the purely secular part of Church matters, and they have a right in things optional to decide on the courses they wish to be pursued.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE HOURS AND WAGES OF 'BUS-GUARDS.

A Correspondent, whilst concurring in the tenor of our remarks on the 'bus-guards who have been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for thieving, thinks a word or two ought to be said about the hours these men have to work and the wages they receive. They are engaged every day in the week from about seven o'clock in the morning until ten or half-past ten at night, without intermission; and again from two o'clock on Sunday afternoons until ten at night—in all, from ninety-eight to one hundred and four hours a week. They have no leisure to themselves, no holidays, and virtually no Sundays. Their wages are only eighteen shillings a-week, or at the rate of about twopence-farthing an hour. Without excusing or palliating crime, we are bound to say that we know nothing so demoralizing as overwork; and whilst carters, letter-carriers, cotton weavers, railway pointsmen, and shopkeepers are encouraged in their efforts to obtain shorter hours, surely a plea may be advanced most justifiably on behalf of 'busguards for a similar concession from their employers. It would prove a wise policy in the long run.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—May I venture to call attention to one or two omissions in your critique on the above Exhibition? I make this request with some confidence, for I know you pride yourself on running on your own track rather than on the well-worn one of pseudo-public opinion. Two artists have exhibited this year, both of whom show works in their peculiar line second to none in the whole exhibition. I refer to Messrs. Hague and Partington. The Donkey sketch by Mr. Hague, and his Street-Arab studies not only show immense promise, but are intrinsically good in themselves. The *Primary Education*, and a study of an old man smoking, by Mr. Partington, are also very good. Now, dear Mr. *Sphinx*, effeminate critics, especially when those critics are themselves artists, may not be able to appreciate vigorous truths in their more manly brethren; but it is decidedly unfair that those gentlemen should have the power of lavishing praise on themselves and on their friends, and at the same time leave unnoticed the works of others whose sole misfortune is that they are not of the same school or club. May I also venture to tell your critic that the true end of criticism is elevation, and that a good critic will have "nous" enough to anticipate fame, and not merely re-echo fame after it has been won.—I am, dear sir, yours respectfully,

P.Q.S.V.

Brazenose Club, Manchester.

MR. CHARLEY AGAIN.

Once more Mr. Charley writes a letter to the papers. This time to the Thunderer itself. Mr. Charley is indignant that he was placed in the same railway carriage, on his journey to and from town, with a gentleman who vomited at periodic intervals into a tin held for him by his faithful and long-suffering wife, and a lady who raved and blasphemed in a most offensive and improper manner, and who turned out to be a lunatic in course of transfer from one asylum to another. We fail to see any justification for Mr. Charley's attack upon railway management. It is evident that the official who put him in his carriage had perused a

report of his speech at Ordsall Lane, and not unnaturally thought that he might very fitly put him in the carriage with the lady of eccentric mind. Mr. Charley's defence at Ordsall Lane is as bad as his offence at the Assizes. Technically, it is not so heinous, but substantially it is more so. It is evident that Mr. Charley, in addition to that melancholy want of humour upon which we enlarged last week, has a most egregious fund of vanity. His comments on the celebrated case of "The Queen on the prosecution of Joseph Thorpe against Martin Quinn" occupied no less than a whole column of the daily newspapers. Surely such a fuss was never made about an ordinary undefended robbery case before. We don't think Mr. Charley's sayings or doings are worth a second article, or we should feel sorely tempted to investigate a little his latest exhibition of self-sufficiency and dulness. One thing only we will allude to. Mr. Charley, who seems to think that he has greatly distinguished himself and that Mr. Justice Willes has given him a character for life, asserts, or at any rate implies, that he has received the congratulations of the bar. We decline to believe it. The Northern Circuit is not in its palmiest days, but we refuse to believe that it is lost to all good taste and common sense. Mr. Charley's self-importance must have made him misinterpret some civilities and kindnesses goodnaturedly administered to him as a colleague in distress.

HISSING AT THE PLAY.

The right of hissing in theatres, and the policy of exercising that right, have lately been much canvassed and discussed in some of the London newspapers. As to the right, we suppose the opinion of Mr. Flowers, the stipendiary magistrate at the Bow Street Police Court, may be taken as decisive. A playgoer who had been rudely hustled out of the pit of the Adelphi Theatre for hissing a scene in the new play, *Deadman's Point*, asked Mr. Flower's advice. It seems to be the most natural thing in the world to ask the advice of a magistrate in London in any and every case of difficulty. Mr. Flowers was of opinion that Mr. Benjamin Webster, the manager, ought to apologize for the conduct of his servants, for, he continued, "it cannot be expected at theatres that applause must always be given." This legal opinion—if such it may be called—deserves the utmost publicity, for most check-takers, box-keepers, and theatrical attendants, generally, have got a notion of late years that any demonstration of disfavour, sibillant or otherwise, is an unlawful act, which may be summarily suppressed by forcible and extreme measures. Granted the right of hissing, is it a politic exercise of power? We have always held that it is, and that if a little more use were made of this formidable weapon the drama would gain immensely. In Manchester, for instance, audiences are content either to applaud or to sit through the play in silence; and anything more chilling to spectator and actor than silent indifference it is impossible to conceive. A good hiss would at least have something human in it. A dreary scene in Boucicault's *After Dark* was heartily hissed at the Theatre Royal two years ago, since when we have never heard a single sibillation at either of our theatres. But it has been our fate to sit through many nights of unrelieved dulness, which a single manifestation of disapproval would have rescued from a well-nigh unbearable weight of weariness. It will be an evil day for the drama when actor and playgoer cease to influence and react upon each other. Censure in the form of hissing will seldom, we trust, be needed; but the right of hissing must be religiously guarded by playgoers, and its occasional use would prove of lasting benefit to the best interests of the stage.

A MORNING LETTER COLLECTION.

The authorities of the Manchester Post Office have just made an arrangement for the collection of letters which deserves to be widely known, and is one of the greatest minor improvements they have instituted of late years. They have devised a plan whereby the pillar boxes are to be emptied of their contents at four o'clock in the morning. The letters and packets will then be taken to the Central Office, and delivered with the first morning round in the city, or, if for London, sent by the nine o'clock morning mail. To the dwellers in the suburbs, who are compelled to post their letters by half-past seven or eight o'clock in the evening, and to those in the townships, say of Ardwick, Broughton, or Hulme, whose extreme limit is half-past eight, this concession will be invaluable. You may write a note now at midnight, and if you post it in a pillar box it will reach its destination in any part of the city almost before you get up in the morning. That, at least, is what the Post Office people promise. Whether they keep the pact is more than we are prepared to affirm.

THE MANCHESTER BANKS.

We understand that Mr. Peter McLaren, senior partner of the firm of James McLaren and Nephews, has been appointed a managing director of the Manchester and Liverpool District Bank. The directors of the Manchester and County Bank have announced that they are about to open a branch at Eccles. This resolution was no doubt arrived at before the suggestion we made a fortnight since. We should like to see our other proposals adopted.

ONE FOR MISS BECKER.

Miss Becker, who goes in for the equalization of the sexes, has tried most pertinaciously to get the School Board to alter their decision, and to order that the scale of fees should be the same for girls as for boys, arguing that as it stood, threepence a week was enough for teaching a girl of thirteen, but it required fourpence for teaching a boy of ten. Canon Toole, like a kind-hearted old bachelor, promptly soothed the injured fair by replying, "The girls learn more quickly, you see!" The answer seems complete and conclusive, and must have been the more vexing from there being no fault to find with it. It is the neatest specimen of the retort courteous that has appeared lately, and its impromptu character is not the least of its merits.

LITTLE NELL.

A dramatic adaptation of Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*, bearing the title of *Little Nell*, was produced at the Theatre Royal on Monday evening. It being Mr. Chambers's benefit night, the house was full, and the performance went off with spirit and success, notwithstanding certain drawbacks incidental to the very nature of such a drama, as well as its being the first night of its performance.

Contemplated as works of dramatic art, dramas adapted from popular tales and novels are not generally successful. Too frequently, and almost of necessity, the story becomes emasculated altogether, and the play becomes full of incongruities. *Little Nell*, although one of the most popular of Mr. Dickens's tales in its original form, is but ill-adapted for representation on the stage. Nevertheless it has at different periods achieved a certain kind of success, and latterly Mr. Halliday's version has had a considerable run both in London and in the country. *Little Nell*, as played at the Theatre Royal, is more a disjointed series of pictures and scenes from the *Old Curiosity Shop* than a compact drama with connected action. Several of the scenes might be omitted altogether without taking away from the interest of the piece. People who are acquainted with the story have a curiosity to see how their favourite characters are embodied by the actors, and if these are done well, the action of the play is of very little importance. Those who are unacquainted with the tale are in a state of comparative fog during the greater part of the performance, and this was evidently the case with many of the audience on Monday night. One would have thought that everybody had read the touching story of little Nell, and were acquainted with the vagaries of Dick Swiveller and the demoniacal humours of Daniel Quilp, but it appears that such is not the case. It is, however, to the presence in the drama of these two remarkable characters that the success of *Little Nell* as a drama is owing. In fact, the success of nearly all adaptations of this sort is attributable to the skilful and faithful conception of the author's meaning, and embodiment of one or more of the characters by the actors. This it was which made that tiresome play *Rob Roy* such a success when first produced. Mackay made such a hit as Baillie Nichol Jarvie that

Sir Walter Scott's pleasure knew no bounds, and he told the actor that he himself was not aware that the Baillie was so good a character until he witnessed him in the flesh as impersonated by Mackay. The success of *Dot* or *The Cricket on the Hearth* of late years may be attributed almost entirely to the Caleb Plummer of Mr. J. L. Toole. Whatever success *Little Nell* may achieve in Manchester, may be attributed to the acting of some of the principal parts, although the piece was very well played throughout, down even to the smallest character.

Mr. S. Emery's Quilp is a masterly impersonation. This gentleman, who is well-known in Manchester, has a rapid and intuitive conception of the author's meaning, and glides into the part imperceptibly and at once. Witness, for example, such parts of his as Fouché in *Plot and Passion*, and Jem Dalton in *The Ticket of Leave Man*. As Quilp, Mr. Emery is equally successful, and he realizes before the audience all the fiendish malignity as well as the humorous side of the character. An inferior actor would have made Quilp so absolutely and utterly repulsive as to be unendurable. Now, as Mrs. Quilp observed that her husband Quilp could have married any woman he liked, it is evident that the detestable wretch was possessed of considerable powers of persuasion, and therefore in bringing out the dwarf's humorous propensities as well as his devilish passions Mr. Emery kept strictly within the author's meaning.

If Mr. G. F. Rowe was not so completely in accord with the author in his impersonation of Dick Swiveller, he at least succeeded in giving a very amusing portraiture of that impecunious, seedy, but extremely good-natured individual. Mr. Rowe kept the audience in a high state of hilarity whenever he was on the stage, and his antics both with Miss Sally Brass and the Marchioness, although decidedly extravagant, were not more so than were intended by the author. In fact, Mr. Swiveller is one of the most amusing of all the comic characters depicted by Dickens. Mr. Rowe's voice is rather weak, but he delivered Dick's sentimental quotation, snatches of song, and eccentric sayings and moralizings with infinite zest, and when he rushed into the Curiosity Shop, with Quilp's head "in chancery," the house was uproarious.

The scenes with Nell and the old grandfather are much too long. Little Nell was played by Miss Candelin, who made her first appearance and created a most favourable impression. She looked the part to perfection, being identical in her make-up with Hablot Browne's portrait in the original edition of the *Old Curiosity Shop*. There is not much scope for acting in the part of Nelly Trent, but Miss Candelin's impersonation was full of simplicity and grace. As the grandfather, Mr. Clifford Cooper had an up-hill part to perform. The gambling but affectionate old dotard elicits little sympathy, and Mr. Cooper did what he could for him in that way. The Sampson Brass of Mr. H. Taylor is the best thing we have yet seen him do, but he must avoid artificial tricks of voice and grimace which are out of place. His final exit was well conceived. The redoubtable Sally Brass by Miss Jenny Taylor was not gaunt and bony enough. Miss E. Hamilton performed the Marchioness with spirit, and the minor parts of Kit, The Single Gentleman, Mrs. Tiniwin, and Mrs. Quilp were well played by Mr. Gooding, Mr. F. Barsby, Mrs. Bickerstaff, and Miss A. Saegert.

CROWS AT MANCHESTER.—In the article on this subject, which appeared last week, for "buzzards" read "bustards."

THE FIRST SPRING VISITANT.— The first cuckoo of the season was heard near Marlborough on the 28th of last month—an unusually early arrival.

[HOLIDAY NOTES AND RAMBLES.]*

CLAPHAM FOR INGLEBORO'.

FEW of our readers in perusing the above words will experience the thrill of which we were conscious in writing them. The number even of regular tourists who know Craven is comparatively small. Some keen botanists and eager geologists, and some excursionists from the Yorkshire towns, have rambled over its wild hills and lovely valleys; but to the average Manchester pedestrian who knows Wales off by heart, can direct strangers all over the Lake district, and remember almost every ravine and rivulet in the Isle of Man the delightful region of which we write is as if it were not. We feel a somewhat selfish pleasure in reflecting that there is small probability of Craven becoming what is termed vulgar, at least for a long time to come. Its beauties are of a character which only the enthusiast can appreciate; its charms are alluring mainly to the lovers of quiet and forgotten nature; and it is not fashionable.

Clapham is an admirable place as a centre of operations. Charmingly situated, and peculiarly interesting because of its immediate surroundings, the active tourist may take extended walks on every side of it, with the advantage of being able to return in the evening by a different route from the one taken in the morning, and of finding every portion of his journey full of new pleasures. For the tourist who is encumbered or blessed with the company of ladies, it is absolutely perfect; always supposing that the latter are content with the society they take with them; for they will find little other.

There are three ways of getting direct to Clapham. Either the traveller may go by Lancaster, from which place the village is distant about twenty miles by rail; or he may go by Skipton, whence, taking train, a pleasant run of twenty-one miles, in a precisely opposite direction to that in which he goes via Lancaster, will bring him to the same magpie-painted station. A third route is by rail and steam to Chatburn, and then by road and foot to the journey's end. We have tried all three. Unless travelling by express—a mode of transit which is becoming highly objectionable—the two first-named routes are very tedious, owing to the great number of stoppages at the various Lancashire stations. Once across the boundary, however, and fairly in Yorkshire, the journeys grow pleasant enough. The carrages seem to change character also, and to become more roomy and comfortable, as if specially built for a race of John Browdies. We shan't soon forget our excursion by the last named route. It was in the month of July, some years ago, that we started with a companion for a Craven ramble. The tourist who elects to go this way, may, if he pleases, leave the train at Whalley, and spending a day in the Abbey and on Pendle Hill, proceed from the neighbourhood of the latter to Clapham. We, however, having arranged to reach Clapham in the evening of the day on which we started, booked through to Chatburn, where we arrived about noon. Crossing the Ribble, a delightful walk through country lanes brought us to Sawley, where there are the remains of an old abbey. Here we dined in a roadside inn on true Yorkshire fare. Continuing along the lanes, all went well, until we arrived at a point about three miles to the right of Slaidburn, and twelves miles from Clapham. In the distance we saw Ingleborough uplifted darkly against the sky. There was no mistaking its peculiar shape, which may be described in the words of old Camden: "Ingleborow hill—which I wondered at to see how it ascendeth as if were by degrees with a huge and mighty ridge Westward and at the farthest end mounteth up into the aire as if another hill were set upon the head of it." The contemplation of the terminus of our walk was tempting, and, unable to resist an impulse to quit the commonplace of good roads, we decided to make for it by a short cut across the country.

Concluding that we had nothing to do but keep Pendle Hill—whose wild summit looked truly awful from where we stood—behind us, and Ingleborough straight before, we climbed a stone wall and took to the fells. The earlier part of our walk was much intersected by stone walls

* Our series of Holiday Notes and Rambles for the present year will comprise descriptive papers on several comparatively unknown, or at least unfrequented, districts, within easy reach of Manchester. We lead the way with the Craven district and sketches of the fine moorland country of North Derbyshire and of some of the remoter and outlying valleys of the Lake District are included in the arrangements already made.

which necessitated considerable climbing. These being passed and a stretch of open land entered upon, the possibility of fresh difficulties was suggested by our arrival on the bank of a tolerably wide beck, almost meriting the name of a river. We took to this in the style in which the Glasgow maidens take to the streets, with the lower part of our lower extremities divested of covering. In dry weather the Craven streams are so shallow that crossing is easily accomplished. After rain they grow into roaring torrents. In wading them, the main thing to do, is to look out for holes which occur very suddenly and are sometimes very deep. Even, if not deep, a slip into one might easily sprain an ankle or break a leg, owing to the rocky nature of the bottom and the angular fashion in which the stones rest upon and about each other. After crossing the stream the ground assumed a hilly character, a circumstance which sometimes caused our landmark to be hid from view. Occasionally we had to make detours in order to avoid considerable climbs. The soft ling and mosses which clothed the moorland to a considerable height made the walking at times very heavy. Now and then we struck upon beaten paths, but these rarely seemed to lead in the direction that we wished to go. At length, after a wearisome walk, we found ourselves in a cultivated and wide-spreading vale; but the shades of night had begun to fall around us; and the head of Ingleborough growing darker and darker, still seemed as distant as at the beginning of our walk. Our proud self-confidence almost subdued, we made the best of our way to a solitary farmhouse which we discovered, and inquired the way to Clapham. We were directed to a lane down which we passed, and where the odour of honeysuckle was so rich as almost to produce a sensation of sickness; and then to a moorland path which seemed to lead quite wide of our yet visible destination. Considering, however, that any road was better than no road, we followed the track through dark gorse bushes and past deep hollows, down some of which we could hear the musical tinkle of running water, and over great patches of blackened heath, and had the satisfaction of reaching the wished-for village a little before midnight. It was not three o'clock when we commenced our walk of twelve miles, and we had been on foot the whole time. Since that adventure, we have, wet to the skin, accomplished a day's walk of forty-two miles in the highlands of Scotland, but we do not remember any occasion on which we hailed our host's table with greater pleasure, or sank into bed with such a complete consciousness of being tired out as on that of our "short cut" to Clapham.

There are two good inns at Clapham, at which tourists or parties of visitors who desire to remain some time can be accommodated. The Flying Horse Shoe is situated close by the railway station—the sign being a painted representation of a horse-shoe provided with a pair of wings. The New Inn stands in the village, which is distant about one mile and a quarter from the station. At both these establishments very good entertainment is to be had, and at very reasonable charges. Indeed the food, apartments, and hotel bills are not the least pleasures of a tour through Craven. If the delicacies are not so numerous as in more fashionable localities, the hungry pleasure-seeker—and the pure air of the Craven hills is a wonderful sharpener of the appetite—may at least confidently expect a dish of fresh trout, flanked by riddle-bread of the sweetest and wheaten-bread of the whitest, together with butter of an exquisite quality, on a table-cloth of virgin hue. Writing of trout reminds us that considerable sport can be had in the neighbourhood. In Clapham Beck and in the river Wenning—into which it discharges itself—that fish, and also eels, are plentiful. The trout are the dark, or "black-back" variety, and weigh from two to seven ounces. Three or four ounces is the average weight. The eels vary from two to twelve ounces. Salmon sometimes come up the streams, but not frequently; the water seems to be in parts too shallow. There are no restrictions on fishing in the streams, except on a portion of the Wenning, extending for a mile upward from the station. Visitors staying at the inns are, however, allowed by the owner of the estate to fish here also.

Clapham in itself is a very pretty village. Crossing the bleak moorlands which lie on the Slaidburn side, we come upon a strip of beautifully undulating fields, studded with farm-houses and small villages, beyond which stands a range of desolate-looking hills, of which Whernside, Ingleborough, and Pen-y-gant are the chief, intersected by weird ravines, terraced with natural battlements of grey moss-tufted rock, and hollowed into strange caves and mysterious chasms.

The village of Clapham stands at the foot of Ingleborough, at the beginning of the slopes which rise into that and its kindred hills, in the fertile valley watered by the streams which descend from those wild and scar-crowned heights. A beck which, rising on the upper part of Ingleborough, drops down a fearful cleft in the side of the mountain into hideous darkness, and gliding amid the unlit loveliness of Clapham Cave comes out again to the sunshine in Clapdale, flows, fringed with plantations, merrily through the centre of the village between white and rose-clad cottages, thence across the moorland into the Wenning, ultimately to mingle with the broad and beautiful waters of the Lune, and so out by Morecambe Bay into the Irish Sea. Many a botanical prize, and many a flower, beautiful in its modesty, will be found growing on the banks.

At the head of the village is a fine and tolerably large church of the early English order, with a graveyard, alongside which murmurs the stream. Whittaker, in his *History of Craven*, records that Clapham was the place from which sprang that family of Claphams of whom one John de Clapham was distinguished in the Wars of the Roses. Our readers will doubtless remember Wordsworth's allusion to them in the *White Doe of Rylstone*, where, speaking of Bolton Abbey, he says:—

> Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door,
> And through a chink in the fractured floor
> Look down and see a grisly sight;
> A vault where the bodies are buried upright!
> There, face to face, and hand to hand,
> The Claphams and Mauleverers stand;
> And, in his place, among son and sire,
> Is John de Clapham, that fierce esquire,
> A valiant man, and a name of dread,
> In the ruthless wars of the White and Red;
> Who dragg'd Earl Pembroke from Banbury Church,
> And smote off his head on the stones of the porch!

The abbot of Whalley writes of a stronghold called Clapdale Castle, formerly belonging to the family, which stood on a spur of Ingleborough; but we do not remember to have seen any traces of it, or to have ever heard any illusion to it by the people dwelling in the dales. Several persons of the name, however, are buried in the churchyard, and one or two very ancient untitled families dwell near.

Of Ingleborough and its surroundings we propose to speak in a future paper.

[FROM A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK.]

THE HEDGEHOG.

THE hedgehog is probably the most ill-used animal in the British fauna. To village boys he is an object of scorn and an incentive to cruelty; would-be fine ladies cannot endure him; chemists amuse their leisure in vain attempts to poison him; gamekeepers regard him with suspicion, and generally murder him, by way of clearing up their doubts satisfactorily. When we rise for the defence we trust to show that our client is more sinned against than sinning.

The hedgehog has been placed by Cuvier at the head of Insectivorous Mammifers, a class whose usefulness in civilized life can hardly be over-rated. Men have done much to suppress the insect hordes that ravage their fields, and have recently called chemistry and machinery to aid them in their warfare against enemies seemingly so insignificant, yet really so powerful. But neither science nor mechanical skill have enabled them to achieve a decided victory over their puny foes, and were it not for the services of an active volunteer force, composed principally of birds, lizards, and certain insect-eating quadrupeds, the lords of creation might chance to come off only second best in the conflict.

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Sir Walter Scott's pleasure knew no bounds, and he told the actor that he himself was not aware that the Baillie was so good a character until he witnessed him in the flesh as impersonated by Mackay. The success of *Dot* or *The Cricket on the Hearth* of late years may be attributed almost entirely to the Caleb Plummer of Mr. J. L. Toole. Whatever success *Little Nell* may achieve in Manchester, may be attributed to the acting of some of the principal parts, although the piece was very well played throughout, down even to the smallest character.

Mr. S. Emery's Quilp is a masterly impersonation. This gentleman, who is well-known in Manchester, has a rapid and intuitive conception of the author's meaning, and glides into the part imperceptibly and at once. Witness, for example, such parts of his as Fouché in *Plot and Passion*, and Jem Dalton in *The Ticket of Leave Man*. As Quilp, Mr. Emery is equally successful, and he realizes before the audience all the fiendish malignity as well as the humorous side of the character. An inferior actor would have made Quilp so absolutely and utterly repulsive as to be unendurable. Now, as Mrs. Quilp observed that her husband Quilp could have married any woman he liked, it is evident that the detestable wretch was possessed of considerable powers of persuasion, and therefore in bringing out the dwarf's humorous propensities as well as his devilish passions Mr. Emery kept strictly within the author's meaning.

If Mr. G. F. Rowe was not so completely in accord with the author in his impersonation of Dick Swiveller, he at least succeeded in giving a very amusing portraiture of that impecunious, seedy, but extremely good-natured individual. Mr. Rowe kept the audience in a high state of hilarity whenever he was on the stage, and his antics both with Miss Sally Brass and the Marchioness, although decidedly extravagant, were not more so than were intended by the author. In fact, Mr. Swiveller is one of the most amusing of all the comic characters depicted by Dickens. Mr. Rowe's voice is rather weak, but he delivered Dick's sentimental quotation, snatches of song, and eccentric sayings and moralizings with infinite zest, and when he rushed into the Curiosity Shop, with Quilp's head "in chancery," the house was uproarious.

The scenes with Nell and the old grandfather are much too long. Little Nell was played by Miss Candelin, who made her first appearance and created a most favourable impression. She looked the part to perfection, being identical in her make-up with Hablot Browne's portrait in the original edition of the *Old Curiosity Shop*. There is not much scope for acting in the part of Nelly Trent, but Miss Candelin's impersonation was full of simplicity and grace. As the grandfather, Mr. Clifford Cooper had an up-hill part to perform. The gambling but affectionate old dotard elicits little sympathy, and Mr. Cooper did what he could for him in that way. The Sampson Brass of Mr. H. Taylor is the best thing we have yet seen him do, but he must avoid artificial tricks of voice and grimace which are out of place. His final exit was well conceived. The redoubtable Sally Brass by Miss Jenny Taylor was not gaunt and bony enough. Miss E. Hamilton performed the Marchioness with spirit, and the minor parts of Kit, The Single Gentleman, Mrs. Tiniwin, and Mrs. Quilp were well played by Mr. Gooding, Mr. F. Barsby, Mrs. Bickerstaff, and Miss A. Saegert.

CROWS AT MANCHESTER.—In the article on this subject, which appeared last week, for "buzzards" read "bustards."

THE FIRST SPRING VISITANT.— The first cuckoo of the season was heard near Marlborough on the 28th of last month—an unusually early arrival.

[HOLIDAY NOTES AND RAMBLES.]*

CLAPHAM FOR INGLEBORO'.

FEW of our readers in perusing the above words will experience the thrill of which we were conscious in writing them. The number even of regular tourists who know Craven is comparatively small. Some keen botanists and eager geologists, and some excursionists from the Yorkshire towns, have rambled over its wild hills and lovely valleys; but to the average Manchester pedestrian who knows Wales off by heart, can direct strangers all over the Lake district, and remember almost every ravine and rivulet in the Isle of Man the delightful region of which we write is as if it were not. We feel a somewhat selfish pleasure in reflecting that there is small probability of Craven becoming what is termed vulgar, at least for a long time to come. Its beauties are of a character which only the enthusiast can appreciate; its charms are alluring mainly to the lovers of quiet and forgotten nature; and it is not fashionable.

Clapham is an admirable place as a centre of operations. Charmingly situated, and peculiarly interesting because of its immediate surroundings, the active tourist may take extended walks on every side of it, with the advantage of being able to return in the evening by a different route from the one taken in the morning, and of finding every portion of his journey full of new pleasures. For the tourist who is encumbered or blessed with the company of ladies, it is absolutely perfect; always supposing that the latter are content with the society they take with them; for they will find little other.

There are three ways of getting direct to Clapham. Either the traveller may go by Lancaster, from which place the village is distant about twenty miles by rail; or he may go by Skipton, whence, taking train, a pleasant run of twenty-one miles, in a precisely opposite direction to that in which he goes via Lancaster, will bring him to the same magpie-painted station. A third route is by rail and steam to Chatburn, and then by road and foot to the journey's end. We have tried all three. Unless travelling by express—a mode of transit which is becoming highly objectionable—the two first-named routes are very tedious, owing to the great number of stoppages at the various Lancashire stations. Once across the boundary, however, and fairly in Yorkshire, the journeys grow pleasant enough. The carrages seem to change character also, and to become more roomy and comfortable, as if specially built for a race of John Browdies. We shan't soon forget our excursion by the last named route. It was in the month of July, some years ago, that we started with a companion for a Craven ramble. The tourist who elects to go this way, may, if he pleases, leave the train at Whalley, and spending a day in the Abbey and on Pendle Hill, proceed from the neighbourhood of the latter to Clapham. We, however, having arranged to reach Clapham in the evening of the day on which we started, booked through to Chatburn, where we arrived about noon. Crossing the Ribble, a delightful walk through country lanes brought us to Sawley, where there are the remains of an old abbey. Here we dined in a roadside inn on true Yorkshire fare. Continuing along the lanes, all went well, until we arrived at a point about three miles to the right of Slaidburn, and twelves miles from Clapham. In the distance we saw Ingleborough uplifted darkly against the sky. There was no mistaking its peculiar shape, which may be described in the words of old Camden: "Ingleborow hill—which I wondered at to see how it ascendeth as it were by degrees with a huge and mighty ridge Westward and at the farthest end mounteth up into the aire as if another hill were set upon the head of it." The contemplation of the terminus of our walk was tempting, and, unable to resist an impulse to quit the commonplacism of good roads, we decided to make for it by a short cut across the country.

Concluding that we had nothing to do but keep Pendle Hill—whose wild summit looked truly awful from where we stood—behind us, and Ingleborough straight before, we climbed a stone wall and took to the fells. The earlier part of our walk was much intersected by stone walls

* Our series of Holiday Notes and Rambles for the present year will comprise descriptive papers on several comparatively unknown, or at least unfrequented, districts, within easy reach of Manchester. We lead the way with the Craven district; and sketches of the fine moorland country of North Derbyshire and of some of the remoter and outlying valleys of the Lake District are included in the arrangements already made.

which necessitated considerable climbing. These being passed and a stretch of open land entered upon, the possibility of fresh difficulties was suggested by our arrival on the bank of a tolerably wide beck, almost meriting the name of a river. We took to this in the style in which the Glasgow maidens take to the streets, with the lower part of our lower extremities divested of covering. In dry weather the Craven streams are so shallow that crossing is easily accomplished. After rain they grow into roaring torrents. In wading them, the main thing to do, is to look out for holes which occur very suddenly and are sometimes very deep. Even, if not deep, a slip into one might easily sprain an ankle or break a leg, owing to the rocky nature of the bottom and the angular fashion in which the stones rest upon and about each other. After crossing the stream the ground assumed a hilly character, a circumstance which sometimes caused our landmark to be hid from view. Occasionally we had to make detours in order to avoid considerable climbs. The soft ling and mosses which clothed the moorland to a considerable height made the walking at times very heavy. Now and then we struck upon beaten paths, but these rarely seemed to lead in the direction that we wished to go. At length, after a wearisome walk, we found ourselves in a cultivated and wide-spreading vale; but the shades of night had begun to fall around us; and the head of Ingleborough growing darker and darker, still seemed as distant as at the beginning of our walk. Our proud self-confidence almost subdued, we made the best of our way to a solitary farmhouse which we discovered, and inquired the way to Clapham. We were directed to a lane down which we passed, and where the odour of honeysuckle was so rich as almost to produce a sensation of sickness; and then to a moorland path which seemed to lead quite wide of our yet visible destination. Considering, however, that any road was better than no road, we followed the track through dark gorse bushes and past deep hollows, down some of which we could hear the musical tinkle of running water, and over great patches of blackened heath, and had the satisfaction of reaching the wished-for village a little before midnight. It was not three o'clock when we commenced our walk of twelve miles, and we had been on foot the whole time. Since that adventure, we have, wet to the skin, accomplished a day's walk of forty-two miles in the highlands of Scotland, but we do not remember any occasion on which we hailed our host's table with greater pleasure, or sank into bed with such a complete consciousness of being tired out as on that of our "short cut" to Clapham.

There are two good inns at Clapham, at which tourists or parties of visitors who desire to remain some time can be accommodated. The Flying Horse Shoe is situated close by the railway station—the sign being a painted representation of a horse-shoe provided with a pair of wings. The New Inn stands in the village, which is distant about one mile and a quarter from the station. At both these establishments very good entertainment is to be had, and at very reasonable charges. Indeed the food, apartments, and hotel bills are not the least pleasures of a tour through Craven. If the delicacies are not so numerous as in more fashionable localities, the hungry pleasure-seeker—and the pure air of the Craven hills is a wonderful sharpener of the appetite—may at least confidently expect a dish of fresh trout, flanked by riddle-bread of the sweetest and wheaten-bread of the whitest, together with butter of an exquisite quality, on a table-cloth of virgin hue. Writing of trout reminds us that considerable sport can be had in the neighbourhood. In Clapham Beck and in the river Wenning—into which it discharges itself—that fish, and also eels, are plentiful. The trout are the dark, or "black-back" variety, and weigh from two to seven ounces. Three or four ounces is the average weight. The eels vary from two to twelve ounces. Salmon sometimes come up the streams, but not frequently; the water seems to be in parts too shallow. There are no restrictions on fishing in the streams, except on a portion of the Wenning, extending for a mile upward from the station. Visitors staying at the inns are, however, allowed by the owner of the estate to fish here also.

Clapham in itself is a very pretty village. Crossing the bleak moorlands which lie on the Slaidburn side, we come upon a strip of beautifully undulating fields, studded with farm-houses and small villages, beyond which stands a range of desolate-looking hills, of which Whernside, Ingleborough, and Pen-y-gant are the chief, indented by weird ravines, terraced with natural battlements of grey moss-tufted rock, and hollowed into strange caves and mysterious chasms. The village of Clapham stands at the foot of Ingleborough, at the beginning of the slopes which rise into that and its kindred hills, in the fertile valley watered by the streams which descend from those wild and scar-crowned heights. A beck which, rising on the upper part of Ingleborough, drops down a fearful cleft in the side of the mountain into hideous darkness, and gliding amid the unlit loveliness of Clapham Cave comes out again to the sunshine in Clapdale, flows, fringed with plantations, merrily through the centre of the village between white and rose-clad cottages, thence across the moorland into the Wenning, ultimately to mingle with the broad and beautiful waters of the Lune, and so out by Morecambe Bay into the Irish Sea. Many a botanical prize, and many a flower, beautiful in its modesty, will be found growing on the banks.

At the head of the village is a fine and tolerably large church of the early English order, with a graveyard, alongside which murmurs the stream. Whittaker, in his *History of Craven*, records that Clapham was the place from which sprang that family of Claphams of whom one John de Clapham was distinguished in the Wars of the Roses. Our readers will doubtless remember Wordsworth's allusion to them in the *White Doe of Rylstone*, where, speaking of Bolton Abbey, he says:—

> Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door,
> And through a chink in the fractured floor
> Look down and see a grisly sight;
> A vault where the bodies are buried upright!
> There, face to face, and hand to hand,
> The Claphams and Mauleverers stand;
> And, in his place, among son and sire,
> Is John de Clapham, that fierce esquire,
> A valiant man, and a name of dread,
> In the ruthless wars of the White and Red;
> Who dragg'd Earl Pembroke from Banbury Church,
> And smote off his head on the stones of the porch!

The abbot of Whalley writes of a stronghold called Clapdale Castle, formerly belonging to the family, which stood on a spur of Ingleborough; but we do not remember to have seen any traces of it, or to have ever heard any illusion to it by the people dwelling in the dales. Several persons of the name, however, are buried in the churchyard, and one or two very ancient untitled families dwell near.

Of Ingleborough and its surroundings we propose to speak in a future paper.

[FROM A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK.]

THE HEDGEHOG.

THE hedgehog is probably the most ill-used animal in the British fauna. To village boys he is an object of scorn and an incentive to cruelty; would-be fine ladies cannot endure him; chemists amuse their leisure in vain attempts to poison him; gamekeepers regard him with suspicion, and generally murder him, by way of clearing up their doubts satisfactorily. When we rise for the defence we trust to show that our client is more sinned against than sinning.

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difficulty, however, in ascertaining the means by which this defensive measure is accomplished. Furnished with a singular set of muscles, the creature is able, on the approach of danger, to wrap itself in a thorny cloak and hood, the margin of which being tucked in, and firmly closed by means of circular fibres, the unprotected parts of the body are placed in security. By the same act of volition the spines are simultaneously and stiffly erected; and so strong is this contractile system that, when folded up, the animal might almost as easily be torn in pieces as pulled open. Notwithstanding his swashing outside, our poor little insect destroyer is a gentle, inoffensive creature, rarely if ever using his weapons save for the purpose of self-defence. Amongst us bipeds power is not always so well employed.

Hedgehogs live in pairs and are nocturnal in their habits. Their home is in woods, old gardens, sunny coppices, and thick hedges, which they seldom leave voluntarily till the lamps are lit in the blue sky. Then, how busy are these animals in destroying insects of all kinds, worms, slugs, and snails. In fact, whilst making a night of it, our revellers, like the aspirants of at least one learned profession, should be considered as eating their way to the Bar of man's good opinion. But in this world virtue unfortunately does not always win its reward. In the case of our hedgehog, seldom or never does it receive the meed of its high deserts. Cruelty is preeminently a cowardly sin, and we are inclined to believe it is so extensively practised on this creature by brutal boys and more brutal men for two reasons: first, because the object of such cruelty is especially gentle and unresisting, and secondly, because the defensive tactics of the animal insure that the unfortunate curs hounded on to worry it shall also suffer. Hedgehog-baiting therefore yields a two-fold enjoyment to those who take pleasure in inflicting pain, and hence, perhaps, its rustic popularity.

In speaking of the food of the hedgehog we intentionally omitted some of its favourite dishes, amongst which must be enumerated eggs, nestlings, young rabbits, and the like. The indulgence of these expensive tastes produces very grave results to the unconscious gourmand, for game preservers, keepers, and watchers, all unmindful of his general utility, stone him to death ruthlessly. The persecuted race may well deem it scant justice that, whilst a few faults are remembered to their disadvantage, their many virtues are not allowed to plead in their defence. We fear the charge brought against the hedgehog of possessing an aristocratic love of game rests on evidence which cannot easily be shaken. A gentleman hatched, a few seasons since, a covey of partridges under wire netting in a quiet part of his pleasure grounds. One morning the young brood was missing, and the old hen reported to be dying from two or three severe bites. A terrier was at once taken to the spot, hit off the scent, and soon traced the marauder to his stronghold in a neighbouring hedge. In fact, the thief was taken, as it were, red-handed, and on being subsequently opened, was found to contain the *membra dispecta* of the infant covey already mentioned. Similar instances might be adduced, but are perhaps unnecessary, as we feel compelled to admit that our client, like some of the best things in this wicked world, is not an unmixed good.

A very interesting fact in the natural history of this creature was announced by Mons. Leng, and afterwards confirmed by Dr. Buckland. From the researches of these gentlemen it appears that the most violent animal poisons have no effect upon it. On one occasion Mons. Leng "witnessed a fight between a hedgehog and a viper. When the hedgehog smelt the snake, she seized it by the head, and held it fast between her teeth, but without appearing to do it much harm, for having disengaged its head, it inflicted several severe bites on its antagonist. The little animal did not, however, recoil from the bites of the viper, or indeed seem to care much about them. At last, when the reptile was fatigued by its efforts, she again seized it by the head, which she ground between her teeth, crushing the fangs and poison glands, and then devoured every part of the body." This observation agrees with that of Pallas, who assures us "that the hedgehog can eat about 100 cantharides without suffering any of the effects produced on men, dogs, and cats, when taken internally." A German physician, who made the hedgehog a peculiar object of study, administered to several individuals strong doses of prussic acid, of arsenic, and corrosive sublimate, none of which appeared in any way to disagree with the patients.

The hedgehog is one of our hybernating quadrupeds, passing the winter in a state of complete torpidity. In order to get through the inclement season as comfortably and cheerfully as possible, it goes to bed in sunny hedge rows and under the hollow roots of trees. Its blankets are woven from moss, dried leaves, and grasses, and warmly tucked up bids defiance to winter and rough weather.

Let us now say a word or two on the hedgehog as a companion and pet, and in doing this we propose to make use of a paper communicated by us to *The Field* some two or three years since. "There is no accounting for taste;" at least, so said our honest old gamekeeper, as he dropped the last of a nest of hedgehogs into the pocket of our shooting jacket. It was one of those lovely days in October when earth and air are so still that one hears the big leaves of the chestnut and sycamore fall to the ground with a sound like drops of heavy rain, that one of the setters came to a dead point close to a thick hedge. We waited and waited, but nothing stirred. With a confident air which said plainly enough, "I am sure Nell is right," the keeper lightly touched the brambles with his stick, but neither bird nor beast presented itself. Jealous of his favourite's reputation, our companion cleared away the thorns, and after poking among the dead leaves and moss at the bottom of the ditch observed, "Look ee here, master." There lay three balls, each about the size of an orange, and ten times more prickly than the shell of a Spanish chestnut. Whilst admiring the group, the keeper lifted his foot, brought it sharply down, and one innocent life was destroyed. We were in time to save the other two, but not liking to hurt our friend's feelings by ordering him to carry such unprofessional articles, we requested him to put them into our pocket, which he did with the remark, "There is no accounting for taste." Perhaps our humanity grew a little tired before the day was ended, but sustained by conscious virtue we made the best of it and carried our captives home in safety.

What we suffered on account of these animals it is impossible to tell. Never was a quiet household so cruelly divided, one moiety of it regarding the little strangers with the blandest affection, whilst the other went into hysterics on the shortest notice and in the most inconvenient places. The bill that was subsequently sent in for crockery was something awful. For several weeks we endured this state of things with a patience that approached the sublime, and each day our pets became a greater source of consolation. They sat on the hearth-rug as complacently as our neighbours' cats; crawled up our knees, crept under our sleeve, and nestled in our waistcoat. They managed the innumerable offensive weapons with which they were girt with incomparable skill, and after the first forty-eight hours never inflicted a wound. Even our housekeeper, though the leader of the opposite faction, found no reason to complain of the state of our linen. The little creatures kept time as well as if each had a chronometer in its pocket, and on whatever private business they might have been engaged in, or in whatever part of the house they chanced to be carrying on their affairs, they always ceased to work at six o'clock, and were sure to be at table with the soup.

Pleasure, however, may be bought too dear. Domestic felicity is necessary to some men, and we could no longer endure the constant breaches of our peace and the perpetual fractures of our china; so having found a home for each of our playmates, with a sorrowful countenance we once more deposited them in our pocket, and forthwith carried them to more quiet quarters. Our baker received one, and our next-door neighbour the other. With the former, Grunter became an especial favourite; performed wonders among the cockroaches; lived in honour, and died lamented. The other, who had been spitefully named Bristly, grew to be a prodigious pet with our friend's little girls, who carried him about, and cuddled him against their unprotected breasts in a manner wonderful to behold. At supper, Bristly was a never-failing source of delight, and his young mistresses, night after night, were enraptured by watching him scramble up-stairs, squeaking in the plenitude of his excitement at the heels of the servant who brought up the tray. Late meals are proverbially unwholesome, and proved fatal to Bristly. In an evil hour our neighbour changed her parlour maid, and engaged a clumsy, awkward animal in her place who, on the first day of her arrival, accidentally trampled on our poor little hedgehog. Heavy as an elephant, with hoofs like a horse, even a good-sized dog would have been in danger. There was a sharp cry outside the door, a chorus of sobs within, and the pet of the family had passed away for ever.

We have never since that time been master of another, but true to our first loves, still cherish their memory, and believe that in the whole round of feræ naturâ there are no such pets as hedgehogs.

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